WELL, IT'S **MORE** THE TURKS THAN GET!



IN WE EAE! ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL HOWER SUPERMITE -HAVE SOME KIND FRIEND SQUIRT THE WATER AT YOU YSANKODONA HTIN EYE DIROPPER OR FOUNTAIN PEN SYRINGE



INGENIOUS SHOWER BATH CONSISTING OF TWO BOARDS AND A BATH SPONGE : - TO ! OPERATE; SATURATE THE SPONGE THOROLY AND PLACE BETWEEN THE BONCO.

ING STEADLY ON THE STRING ATTACKS TO SLICHER, MANDIVERING THE LIPPER BOARD THUS CONFRESSIONS.

DESTRUCTIVE DARK WILL TRICKLE.

LEAKS WILL TRICKLE. THE SPONGE AND FORCING THE WATER.
THRU THE SEVERAL HOLES BOYD THRU!
THE LOWER GOARD. CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN TO STAND DIRECTLY BENEATH THE BOARD THUS ACCUMULATING ALL THE WATER WHICH AT MOST IS YERY LEASTLY

METHOD-RY LITHLISHE THE NATURAL LEARINESS OF THE ROOF AND YOUR DE THE NEOR - THE CON-FINING FOLOS OF THE COAT PREVENTING A WASTE BY SPLACHING IT IS ONLY.

OH WOE-ME HEART BURSTING, BUT I GOTTA GIT TOO HAPPY TO WEEP! THE TEAR BATH IS COMFORTABLY

EFFICIENT-THE ONLY REQUIREMENTS BEING A SENTIMENTAL SOB STORY AND A WEEDY DISPOSITION - COPIOUS CRIER WILL FIND THE YERY PLEASANT AS TEAR ARE USUALLY WARM WHEN NEWS AMATEUR -



KNOWN AS THE "INVOLUNTARY

-By WALLGREN



THE BEST AUTHORITIES - CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE THE MAN, BUT IN A CASE LIKE THIS THEY MAKE THE MAN (OR 1300T) DURNED CONSPICUOUS FOR THE MOMENT AND FOR MANY, MANY MOMENTS THEREAFTER VERY HARD TO SEE - UNLESS OCCUPYING THE SAME CELL

WHEN JOHNNY COMES SAILING HOME AGAIN

There'll Be Lots to Do Before We Get Back Into Cits, But How About Those Annual Reunions?

when it's all over, and this coarse and of things, but the bosses will be patient. rulgar Holenzollern person has been had been made safe for democracy and forget it's just another way of answer-

all the rest.

We'll go home; and the old packs will never seem lighter than they will as we' trek down to the wharves at the port of embarkation. And on the way over we'll sing—sing all the way, and never have a thought of seasickness. No. no nave a thought of seasicaness. 30, 40, even if we have to cross the English Channel on our way back will we experience the slightest touch of mal de

Still a Lot to De

Of course, they'll probably shove us off after that to some camps for a while, until we can turn in all our staff conveniently, and get our papers made out, and attend to all the rest of the formalities, but we won't mind it, because we'll know it can't last forever. They'll probably be easy on a shour reveille at those camps, because they'll know won't be training for much of anything of the training for much of anything of the atts in store for us once we're released.

Then, after we've got our service records made out as they should be made out, and our clottles, real clothes with hip pockets in them and waistcoats and honest to goodness trousers with cuffs on the bottoms of them, have come along from home or somewhere, and we've collected all the back pay that still the staff in the close of the collection of the collection

Next, the job. Oh, there'll be jobs for us, somehow, somewhere. We'll have to begin turning out early in the morning again, but because it'll be an alarm clock that wakes us instead of a bugle, we'll think it's fine as slik and twice as valuable. It will be great stuff, rolling back at night just as though we'd uever been away at all. All the old boys in the shop will envy us our brown councering and our extra inches of chest subjections and our extra inches of chest subjections and all the rest. It may take some without being told so.

Of course, we all know what we'll do us some time to get back into the swing of punching the old time clock that we'll forget it's just another way of answer-ing "Here!" at roll call.

But, after a time, things will begin to get irksome. The going to work and coming back, the eating supper and going to the movies or the theater or the lodge meeting, will begin to pall on us a bit. Then it will be about time for the most enterprising guy in the outfit to send out a bunch of reply posterres asking us to meet at some restaurant in the near future for a reunion. Will we

sking us to meet at some restaurant in the mer.

And when we steam into New York has bor, with every rug, every ferrybeart tooting its durnedest to welcome us, and the windows of the skyscrapers just jammed full of people aching to get a glimpse of us, and the wharves clogged with all our families and friends just dying to get hold of us, and Lower Broadway banked from the first to the twentieth story with the massed flags of the Allies, and City Hall smothered in red, white and blue rosettes, with the mayor theorem of the Allies, and City Hall smothered in red, white and blue rosettes, with the mayor dwoever he may be then) standing out in front with his plug hat and frock coat on extending the keys of the city, and all the rest, and Fifth Avenue lined with memorial arches and courts of honor and sprinkled with flags till it looks like the Milky Way, it will be a great and a happy day.

There will probably be a parade all the way from Washington Square up to Grant's Tomb, to be sure; but by that time, some kind power will have directed in the remove our packs, and we won't call both and he secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord knows who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, we'll stanp 'em and street and a late to some camps for a while, and the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord knows who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, we'll stanp 'em and street and the rest of the fort malities, but we won't mind it, because we'll know we can ufford to get along with the mear furner for a while, until we can ufron it all our stanf control time to the United States and the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord knows who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, we'll stanp 'em and the secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord knows who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and from the first of the forty-second Street, we'll stanp 'em and the late of the forty-second Street, we'll stanp 'em

OVER HERE

When I hung out in the U.S.A. An' the war wuz off acrost the sea An' I read the papers in a casu'l v T see who pitched on the follerin' Things sure looked different t'me.

I knew men wuz kilt like they wuz a pest, An' sometimes the rivers wuz runnin' with red: I'd heard tell on a front what they called the "West," An' the big print said: "Russin's Takin' A Rest"— But that didn't mean nothin' in yours truly's head.

I thinks t' myself: "What a waste o' time: What a gang o' rummies t' fight like dogs, what a gang o runnings t ugut the dogs. All them poor mothers—gee, it's a crime! Well, Barry'll get them there Red Sox t' climb." My mind wuz on baseball an' not soldier togs.

I wuz sweet on the moon with its yaller light— Youse know how 'tis with a girl by your side; An' I says: "Wouldn' this of world be a sight With no moon at all t' shine in the night?"— I wasn't hep theu 'twas at night the Boche filed.

An' now that I'm here an' the war's here too. With the States three thousan' miles away. Things looks lots different than they used t' do. An' I've got 'n entirely new point of view.—Back home, I couldn't spot how the land lay.

We gotter beat Fritzie t' keep 'im back:
T' show 'lim that 'tain't war makes the world go,
So that he an' all others'll remember the fac'.
Decide war's not world shootin' fore they take the next crack.
We're scrappin' t'give Mr. Mars the K. O.!

SGT. FREDERICK W. KURTH, Q.M.C.

CHANCE IN A MILLION BLESSED HIS SAILING

There is a red-headed sergeant in this Army—let's call him Starfield—who had such a wonderful piece of one-chance-in-a-million luck as a sort of God-speed the day he sailed away from America that he doesn't see how the Germans can hope to do him any damage. He must be limmune. The very memory of it is his tallsman.

Nine years before America entered the war Starfield entered the Army, and in those years he let it carry him all over the world—Porto Rico, China, the Philippines, Mexico, all of them a long, long way from the little home in Connecticut he never saw again.

He was in the Medical Department working in a hospital near the Mexican border, when the order came to pack up and start for France. Here, at last, was the prospect of New York, here a chance to see his mother once more and perhaps the kid sister. Joan, who was playing jackstones on the front steps the day he left home.

From the moment the order came, he began whing a cover by the rome.

From the moment the order came, he began whing a poproach by miles. He cast off a fresh talgerman every time the wind to the paid picked up his kid sister.

left home.

From the moment the order came, he began wiring to the family. He signalled his approach by miles. He cast off a fresh telegram every time the trainstopped. He arrived at the boat at last, sure the folks would come to him, when he made the beart-sinking discovery that if they did he wouldn't be allowed to see them. No one—it was a necessary precaution—no one could leave the hoat no matter how long she lingered at her pier. Getting off was as complicated as a service record and as uncertain as the letters from America. He sent his last wire them—just to say goodbye and tell the folks not to bother to come.

That afternoon, a freak chance sent him out on the pier in charge of, a sick soldier who had to be moved to the dock dispensary. It gave him 15 minutes to look about him, 15 minutes to stand gloomily watching the officials who hur

Twenty pledges would I sign And forego all shades of wine Just to get a chance to draw Choc'late sody through a straw.

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S.R.O. IN S.O.R. AT CAMP OP'RY HOUSE

'C'est la Guerre" Nets One **Company Fund Nearly** 2,000 Francs

C'est' la Guerre was the almost inevi able title of a burlesque in three scenes ecently written, staged and acted by and for Company D of one of our regi pents of railway engineers. Unless have tried to put on a show in the A.E.F. courself, you have no idea how much ork there was behind the production with its stage, props, foots, curtains and all. The net profit for the company fund were nearly 2,000 frames. Cost la Guerro was a great success even if it did run only one night. It played to

did run only one night. It played to S.R.O. in the S.O.R.

The humor was very local, with cooks, censors, top sorgeauts, barbers and the like, as characters, and with such missical numbers, composed for the occasion, as "The Itumors That Run Through the Camp," "The Supply Sergeaut." and, of course, "Oo La La."
A burlesque show without any chorus girls is one of the horrors of war and Company D had to do the best it could with a chorus of "Sick and Damaged Soldiers" and another of "Kitchen Police."

Soldiers and indeter of Arcaea (whice.)

The burlesque show was run off as part of a bill that included a number of boxing matches, with contestants drawn from other companies in the regiment, from other organizations in the vicinity and even from the nearby French village, which contributed a welterweight artist who cemented the Enteure Cordiale by winning the decision over a youth from the Ordnance Corps.

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